

(TMI Journeys - February 2017)

HEARTLINE, WHAT YOU NEED IS WHAT YOU GET

People are drawn to TMI's **Heartline** program for innumerable reasons, some of which appear to be contradictory. Rick Dawson didn't know why he found himself attending Heartline -

*So what was I doing here at **Heartline**? I know what you're thinking, because I thought it myself. In my imagination, I would be the only guy in the course. The rest of the class would be women who, during the course of the program, would reveal tortured pasts of emotional abuse, failed marriages, and severe illnesses. It would be one big mega-counseling session as each of these women connected with her heart and found healing. Ultimately it would all culminate in crying and prolonged group hugs while I sweated and prayed for boundaries. Or even worse, we'd have to share and everyone would expect me to reveal some deep emotional trauma of my own in order to properly join the group gestalt. This vision was, quite frankly, my idea of hell. And it was all wrong.*

*What **Heartline** turned out to be was the exploration of the energetic engine behind all the other TMI classes and the manifestations that occur during them.*

True to the course description, Heartline is about "looking within." But it's not so much about "self-love, self-trust, and non-judgmental acceptance" as it is about discovering how to tap into the very source of that love energy ... about ... how to be centered and comfortable (for me that means being logical and left-brained) while still riding and using that super-charged emotional energy called love to propel my psyche deeper into the vast Unknown.

While the other TMI courses teach you how to navigate and steer through the vast unknown, it is the heartspace, or love-energy, that powers the engine that gets you to your destination. At the end of Heartline I was functioning at a psychic level I had never achieved before.

Other **Heartline** participants arrive at the program with a clear intent. Connie Callahan is a licensed marriage and family therapist -

Extraordinary shifts of consciousness and healing unfolded throughout the week. ...

Heartline provided many wonderful journeys. The "lines" traveled into different dimensions and vibrations of energy. There were many mirrors that reflected past pains and traumas from childhood and over the span of my adult life. Other "lines" led to mirrors that reflected aspects of my true being and essence that had been hidden away

because it was not safe to “let my life shine.” I allowed myself to reenergize my “light” and vowed never to hide again, from others or myself. The energetic vibrations of my heart space responded with appreciation and expansion. Aspects of my true essence, as well as an endless number of guides and assistants, grandly attended the concluding “welcome-home party.” Unconditional love and joy filled every cell of my body, and tears full of gratitude flowed. A beautiful calmness was omnipresent. The week, however, was just beginning.

*Through **Heartline** and the synchronized presentation of METAMUSIC®, I traveled out into the Universe as well as into Mother Earth. At each location there were precious gifts to choose from, and afterward, I always came home to my Heart.*

This week of “traveling” taught me again that the Greatest Gift we can give ourselves is Ourselves: teamwork between our body, mind, and spirit. The Greatest Gift we can give to others is the Authenticity of our True Selves.

***Heartline** is unique among TMI residential programs in that we were not to share with each other what we did professionally. That gave us the freedom to be, to explore, and to observe each other as human beings without defining ourselves by our work. At the end of the program, we were asked to share what we thought people’s professions were. That was fun in itself. After we disclosed our professions, one participant came to me and said, “Had I known what you did for a living, I probably wouldn’t have talked to you.” My response: “That would have been a loss for both of us.”*

Leslie Sorg Ramsay was bereft, broken hearted, and despairing. She came to **Heartline** for healing. -

I want to live! That’s what I felt after a week at The Monroe Institute attending the Heartline program.

*Before **Heartline**, I had been emotionally crushed over the death of my husband. I married for the first time four years ago at the age of forty-seven. My husband had terminal cancer when we married and died seven months later. The emotional high of finally finding “the love of my life” to the low of losing him couldn’t have been more extreme.*

*Previously, I had no interest in attending **Heartline** because I hadn’t felt the need to focus on my heart, which was raw ... Also, I assumed the program was probably “psycho-babble,” so those attending would be emotionally less mature.*

Heartline ... had my head popping with revelations ... The tools gained will guide me into extraordinary future adventures in this life, and beyond. After numerous attempts to communicate with my inner guidance, I finally relaxed and "got it." ... I have patience to wait for the answers now because I know they will come. And, my late husband and I definitely communicated, so I was able to release the emotional pain without losing the depth of my love for him.

... The week was full of joy and laughter. We danced alone and together. The love and spirit of the individuals made that possible. This fullness of emotion and fun happens at every TMI program, but I clearly needed the laughter and joy for heart healing at Heartline. ...

I also communicated with my mentor-mother, still alive but recently diagnosed with Alzheimer's. This was of enormous comfort to me because it had been so painful when she didn't recognize me. ...

My transition from TMI to home brought another surprise. I unexpectedly adopted a dog named Bailey. I kept that name because at Heartline I was reminded of Jimmy Stewart's character in *It's a Wonderful Life*. Named George Bailey, he, too, learned to want to live again. Bailey is my daily reminder that I want to live again.

Postscript:

On Thanksgiving Day, after visiting with my late husband's family, I boarded a train to New York. As I sat down, my wedding ring got caught on a metal piece attached to the chair seat, pulling so hard the gold ring split in two (without taking my finger off!). Was it another sign to let go of Walt and love again on this earth? No doubt. The conductor who told me to report it to Amtrak officials was named Mr. Bailey.